A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not use to jest,
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, dye in the streets,
For by my soule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever doe thee good.
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pitty sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

Jul. O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unlesse that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye

As *Paris* hath: beshrew my
I thinke you are happy in thi
For it excels your first; or i
Your first is dead, or 'twere a
As living here and you no u
Jul. Speakest thou from t
Nur. And from my soule
Jul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast com
Goe in and tell my Lady I a
Having displeas'd my father
To make confession, and to
Nur. Marrie I will, and
Jul. Ancient damnation
Is it more sinne to wish me
Or to dispraise my Lord wi
Which she hath prais'd hi
So many thousand times?
Thou and my bosome henc
Ile to the Frier to know hi
If all else faile, my selfe ha
Enter Fri
Fri. On Thursday sir! t
Pa. My father *Capulet*
And I am nothing slow to
Fri. You say you do not
Uneven is this course, I lik
Pa. Immoderately she
And therefore have I littl
For *Venus* smiles not in a
Now sir her father counts
That she doth give her so
And in his wisdome haste
To stop the inundation o
Which too much minde
May be put from her by s